

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



JOHN MUST GO FOR THE DOCTOR.

LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

CHAPTER XIV.—"ASSOCIATIONS" TOO MUCH FOR MRS. PECKCHAFF.

THE best general that ever commanded troops has been baffled in some of his schemes, or, at least, been delayed in carrying them out.

Mrs. Peckchaff was a general of high order, and possessed that indomitable courage which is un-

wearied by opposition and undaunted by failure. If she could not do according to her mind to-day, she became only more resolute to succeed to-morrow. Occasional defeats were things to be looked for, she knew that well enough, and when she met them she turned them to account, gave a shrewd look at any mistake that might have helped them on, and determined not to lose the hint in her future operations.

Therefore, when Laura did not, according to her prediction, get well at once on her removal to Rose-

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

mary Hill, instead of listening to her husband's nervous fears that she would not recover, she made light of it, declared that the young Peckchaffs had often got well from a much worse condition without any doctor but herself, and that when her nerves were settled she would be all right in no time.

Her husband suggested that it might be no easy thing to settle her nerves; and that probably one reason of the unfailing recovery of the young Peckchaffs was their taking after their mother, and having no "nerves."

Mrs. Peckchaff told him to be thankful that, himself excepted, she did not think there was one of the family who knew what "nerves" meant; that fact had saved plenty of trouble and kept off mischief. "I'd rather have to do with a wooden head stuffed with straw than one of your nervous, *excitable* people. Don't think I mean *you*, Walter. I don't, for I will say for you that you always think of yourself last; but often 'excitable' people are too full of themselves and their feelings to think of any one else."

As Mrs. Peckchaff spoke in a tone of great disgust, except where she paid a just tribute to her husband, he had a misgiving that her patience with his niece might not last out, and that although her strong sense of the duties of hospitality and the obligation she was under to fulfil the task she had imposed on herself would carry her well through all the work in its necessary parts (as she esteemed them), yet that there might be a falling off in the tenderness and forbearance which he was sure were as much needed to bring about a cure as medicine or diet. He was anxious about Laura; she seemed to him to be declining in energy of mind as she lost bodily strength, and although his wife declared she did not exert herself to get well, or she might have been at Hurley before now, he felt sure that the want of exertion was a part of the disease.

One morning, when Mrs. Peckchaff was telling Dorcas that "a handful" of camomiles meant nothing, and that she ought to weigh them and the ginger too, every time she made the "tea" according to the recipe, she noticed a faint smile on Laura's face.

"Ah! you think that is all nonsense," she said, when Dorcas was gone, "but wouldn't John's hand hold twice as much as yours, and wouldn't her hand hold more than mine? Depend on it, my dear, when you keep house (and I hope when the weather gets fine, and you can go out into the orchard and about, you will soon get strong enough for that or anything else)—I say when you keep house—you'll find there's nothing like sticking to rules; from the making of camomile tea upwards, there's nothing to be done without sticking to rules."

Laura still smiled, but so sadly that her aunt felt vexed, and sadly afraid that she had, though quite unintentionally, hurt her feelings.

"There is no knowing how to do with your high-flown people," she thought to herself; "which of my young ones would have been hurt by being told they must stick to weights and measures?" and again, as it had often been before, the wish was strong in her heart that she had a nursery full of Peckchaffs to set afloat, instead of this one sensitive heroine. She looked at Laura as she lay, in a half undress, on the sofa; her eyes were closed and the smile had entirely left her face, the sadness remaining. She could not help feeling that the poor girl did look very ill; her colourless face was much wasted, and her hand,

as it lay on the crimson shawl around her, seemed almost transparent. While seemingly busy with her work, she watched her narrowly, and by the swelling of the lids, felt sure that tears were gathering in her eyes. She was very much puzzled. This proud girl, that never used to show any feeling, could cry now at a remark that was not meant for her, for she was persuaded that her strictures on faithfulness to recipes had brought the tears.

"Call that a strong mind!" she thought, "why I might have said twenty times that, and given a box on the ear with it, to any of mine, and they would have taken it in as a thing for their heads, and never have given their hearts a moment's concern about it; but there! all the world are not Peckchaffs!" The tears that so slowly gathered, Laura wiped away with evident anxiety that her aunt should not notice them.

"Time for your jelly, Laura, and you shall have more wine in it," said Mrs. Peckchaff, bestirring herself to get it.

"Aunt," said Laura, as she took it, "I was struck by what you said about attention to directions; it reminded me of a drawing lesson."

There she stopped; her intention in adverting to the subject was to prevent her aunt from thinking that she had taken umbrage at her words; but she could not venture to say more.

For Mrs. Peckchaff, she had said enough. She resolved, while she smoothed the cushions, wheeled the couch nearer the fire, and told her a little sleep after the wine would do her good, that she should have a doctor.

"Of course our young ones never wanted one, but that's nothing; and if one comes to Laura, he will do by her just as I should, but *that* is nothing. It shan't be said she wanted anything. So she shall have a doctor."

When she left Laura's room Mrs. Peckchaff went straight to the study.

"Walter," she said, "what do you say to a doctor for Laura?"

Mr. Peckchaff looked at her with concern. "Is anything more the matter?" he asked, rising from his books.

"More? No, not that I know of, but she has taken to cry lately; she did the other day when I told her she looked like the picture in the hall, that one where the woman is sitting so grand and upright, only her head bent a little, you remember it? I suppose she thought it was a bad compliment, for it's not very handsome, and she turned white and pink, and white again, and the tears came quite fast."

"Perhaps your remark reminded her of something; of the friends she had at that place; one of them, you said, was an artist!" said Mr. Peckchaff.

"Yes, and a very nice sensible man he seemed to be!" responded his wife, heartily; "indeed, they were all very nice people. I was half ashamed of poor Laura and her nonsense while I was talking to them; but *surely* she wouldn't cry about *them*! Let them be ever so kind and pleasant and clever, she has much more need to cry about her father and mother!"

"Associations, my dear; associations—these will bring tears; tears that are due to a subject very remote from that present to view."

"Well," said Mrs. Peckchaff, somewhat impa-

tiently, "I can do for fevers and colds and all diseases of that kind; I got Walter over smallpox, and he hasn't a mark; but if she takes to crying about 'associations,' and that sort of thing, I give her up; she shall have a doctor!"

"By all means, my love; I agree with you; it would be better to call some one in," said Mr. Peckchaff, "I am very glad you take that view of it."

"Now, Walter, did you want it done before? If you did it's too bad," said Mrs. Peckchaff, reproachfully; "you might know by this time that whatever you say is to be attended to. I do hope that you will be more straightforward with me. What's the use of my giving up if you won't go in front?"

She was indignant, and spoke with warmth. Mr. Peckchaff said something about her "excellent judgment" and "full confidence in her opinion," but she had not patience to hear him out. She declared that she wanted no fine speeches; if he ought to be head and master, let him be head and master; it could not now be cast upon her that she hindered him.

"Shall we send for Dr. Valette?" he asked, when she had ceased, and had begun putting the papers straight on the table.

"Anybody you like," she said, in a cavalier tone.

"Nay, how unkind!" he expostulated. "Just give me your thoughts. You have a great respect for Dr. Valette; or would you advise sending for Mr. Ivy?"

Mrs. Peckchaff's spirit, which had in one way or another been sorely ruffled lately, had by this time smoothed down. She gave her vote for Dr. Valette, and Dr. Valette was sent for.

"Not that I expect that he will do her one ounce of good," she said; "I'm pretty sure it's neither physic nor food can cure her."

"What will cure her?" asked Mr. Peckchaff, supposing from his wife's tone that she had discovered the secret of his niece's disease.

"Something to do!" she replied, with energy.

"But, my dear wife, what can the poor girl do now?" he asked, with mingled compassion and reproach.

"What! Why plenty of things. I was weaker than she is when I knitted all your stockings.* I offered to set on a stocking for her father, or a purse, which might be more amusing. I didn't mention socks for Tommy, for fear of fretting her (a foolish thing, I think, not to speak of him; but it's your wish, and so it shall be done), but—oh, dear! she looked miserable at the thought of it."

"Well," said Mr. Peckchaff, "we shall hear what Dr. Valette says, and it will be a relief to my mind, and I am sure to yours also."

Mrs. Peckchaff made no reply; she took the note to John, saying—

"A note for Dr. Valette. Wait for an answer if he's at home, if not, ask when he is expected. Whenever that may be, go again for an answer—and, John," she added, "now I am so much up-stairs I can't see to things as I ought. Have you got in the onions?"

"Yes," said John.

"And sorted them?"

"Yes," said John.

"And roped them?"

"Ay, sure," said John.

"Very good; then bring them up, and give the picklers to Dorcas."

So saying, she returned to her post, and found Laura rather flushed, and her eyes quite red.

"Oh, oh!" she thought, "crying has been going on. Well! it's time the doctor came."

Laura made an effort to seem cheerful, but the exertion increased the flush on her cheek and altogether gave her so agitated a manner, that her aunt rejoiced in the prospect of being rid of so troublesome a patient.

To her joy John returned from the doctor's with the news that he was at home and would call soon.

"Ahem! Laura, my dear, some one is coming to see you," said Mrs. Peckchaff, looking so full of important matter that the sick girl's heart beat violently and her whole frame trembled.

"Oh! don't put yourself in a way, my dear; it's nobody but you will be glad to see, and a very nice man he is; and your uncle thinks he'll be a great entertainment to you and do you good."

"Who?" Laura contrived to gasp.

"Dr. Valette; your uncle has a great opinion of him. As for me, I think all doctors are pretty much alike. It's not on account of your being so ill as to want one, mind; I have seen your cousins, who never had a doctor, much worse; but in these days people want so much more than they used, so your uncle has sent for one. And now I hope you'll do your best to get well, for there's nothing more to be done."

Why did Laura change colour? Why did her heart beat? How was it that she was no longer nerveless as a Peckchaff nor proud as a Loft? Several causes combined to bring it all about.

She had to return home as one conquered—a rope round her neck and chains on her hands. A willing resignation of her plans for conscience' sake would have been almost as heroic as success; but a coerced return! That had all the discomfort (*miser* would better express her feeling) embittered by shame instead of being palliated by glory.

Even Mrs. Peckchaff could not but admit that it was a very hard "come down" for such a proud stomach, and she was sorry for her while she was really ill; but when the illness waned from *bona fide* matter-of-fact to the "effects of association," she lost her sympathy in a great measure, and "hoped the 'come down' would do her good" with considerable zest.

Again, although some few things had shaken Laura's faith in some who were agitating the question of women's rights, the question itself had become to her more really important and interesting. She had learned enough during her short sojourn on the battle-field to excite a true and lively concern for those "millions" who called for help in the shape of power to enable them to help themselves. With all her faults, and they were grave in character and sufficiently numerous, she had a firmness which Mrs. Peckchaff would not admit to be anything but uncommon obstinacy, and a generosity in carrying out her purpose, which, if misguided, was sincere and free from ostentatious parade. This generosity made her now bitterly regret her inability to do what she had meant to do for Aline; the idea flitted through her mind that her old friend Myrtle, that is, her friend's husband, though she would not condescend to entertain his personality in her thoughts, would smile with pitying contempt on her failure; but this was mere dust in the balance. She pitied Myrtle and despised her "tyrant" quite as

cordially as she could be pitied or despised by them.

There were others, whom she could not despise and who needed no pity, and whose esteem she feared she had forfeited—yes, feared, for, beyond what she had imagined, their esteem was dear to her heart. She had learned much from the very uncompromising attack of the old lawyer, though she had affected to treat it with contempt; it had, she was conscious, startled her, and placed her conduct in, at least, a questionable light to *them*. Yes, she said to herself "them," but the true word was "*him*." She liked Clara, and felt her superiority to any woman she had ever met with; but while she said "them," with an effort at self-deception, the figure of Clara melted away, and alone stood Charles Leporel, with that loving, gentle expression which beamed on his face when he laid his hand so tenderly on his sister's shoulder.

He was not a nature ordinarily capable of receiving a deep impression; but a deep impression once made was with her a permanent one, part of herself. She had, during the slow hours of her recovery, had time to analyse the past; to go through its various scenes, to study the looks, the voices, the words, of those who had lived in it, and every hour so spent had made it clearer to her that she loved Charles Leporel, and that he did not love her.

So that her return home, her inability to do battle for the suffering millions, though sore sorrows, all fell behind the great one of mortification on account of an unrequited attachment.

If Mrs. Peckchaff could but have peeped through a window into her niece's heart when it throbbed so violently, and there have discovered not only the fact of "associations" but the subject of them, she would have been more amazed than words can describe. The idea of Laura Loft's being in love with anybody but herself was out of the bounds of her circumscribed imagination.

It was rather a relief to Laura to find that a doctor was thought necessary. She did not like being at Rosemary Hill, but she preferred it to going to Hurley. Her aunt tried her temper severely by her admonitory hints as to future conduct, which hints grew more into firm and compact shape as she seemed to improve in health. But she increasingly loved and respected her uncle, whose wisdom and faithfulness were so tempered by tenderness, that she never was angered when he counselled her. Good Mr. Peckchaff was not fond of "bringing to book" nor counselling any one; he was so well aware of his own shortcomings and misdoings that he generally felt, in discussing the misconduct of any one, how probable it was that in the same circumstances and under the same temptations he might have done worse. Laura felt humbled by his humility, and the only pleasant hours she had were spent in his company.

Although her aunt was so much improved in her views of a wife's proper behaviour, and in her efforts to carry those views into practice, Laura was often struck by her uncle's forbearance under little provocations, the inevitable result of long habit, and forced to acknowledge in this instance, at least, the superiority of the man, and his just claim to be the head. Thus a doctor, who would either strengthen her to bear the trial of her return home, or would urge her remaining where she was for a longer season, was a ray of hope to her in the darkness; and her aunt's

assurances that he was "not sent for because he was wanted" passed by her like air.

"Walter, shall you see Dr. Valette before he goes to Laura?" said Mrs. Peckchaff.

"We had both better see him, my dear," replied Mr. Peckchaff; "you can tell him her symptoms and so forth, having had the case so entirely in your own hands; and I—I think I had better tell him what her head has been running on of late; don't you?"

"If you mean me to say what I think—*no*!" said Mrs. Peckchaff.

"Why do you object?" he asked.

"Because he will set the girl down for a fool, and she isn't that; and I think she is getting sick of it; perhaps a little ashamed of it. She is a great deal meeker than she was, and I think one ought to be careful of respect for one's own family, and not let them down to strangers," said Mrs. Peckchaff.

"I think," said Mr. Peckchaff, "he will not think the worse of her for what I should tell him, and a very short interview will show him that she is not a fool. I agree with you she is apparently improved in spirit; no doubt your kindness has affected her."

"Say *yours*, Walter," replied his wife, quickly.

"A talk with you does her more good than any of my lectures or medicine."

"I think—don't you?—it will be fairer to the doctor to tell him some of what has passed. It will show him that mental has greatly aggravated the bodily evil, and help him in his treatment."

"Oh, no doubt you're right," said Mrs. Peckchaff, with a slight shrug, and inwardly congratulating herself that it was not one of the young Peckchaffs that was to be "let down" so pitifully to the doctor.

They had scarcely closed their debate when Dr. Valette was announced, and ushered into the study where they were sitting; and in our next chapter we will relate what happened to John in bringing him there.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.*

A GREAT deal has been written about the Scottish Highlands and the Scottish Highlanders. I am going to say a few words about one point only, the wonderful changes taking place, especially in the Western Highlands. Compared with a century ago they are another world, and the process of change will go on henceforth even more rapidly.

The general result of these changes is assimilation to British life and history. The Highlanders are losing much of their distinctive character. What are the causes of this assimilating process?

The first element is the extension of education.

For a considerable time, until 1843, the year of the great secession from the Church of Scotland, the parochial school system prevailed; but in the interval from 1843 till now, schools specially connected with the Free Church have been organised, and, generally speaking, efficiently conducted. Besides those schools, others instituted and supported both by benevolent persons at a distance and by local heritors, are creditably doing their share in the work.

Important changes bearing upon the Parochial

* We are indebted for this communication to a parish minister in the West Highlands.

Schools have recently taken place. In 1861 the Test was abolished; that is to say, whereas before 1861 it was necessary that all persons appointed to parochial schools "subscribe the formula of the Church of Scotland, and submit to the government and discipline thereof," the Act of 1861 makes it obligatory merely that persons so appointed "profess, testify, and declare that, in the discharge of their duties, they will not teach or inculcate doctrines opposed to the Divine authority of the Scriptures or to the doctrines contained in the Shorter Catechism agreed upon by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster and approved of by the Church of Scotland, and that they will not exercise the functions of their office to the prejudice or subversion of the Church of Scotland."

In the same year a material financial change occurred. Prior to 1861 the maximum salary of the parochial schoolmaster was £34, odd shillings, whereas by the Act of that year the *minimum* was fixed at £35, and the maximum at £75, "providing always that where two schools existed the minimum was to be £50 and maximum £80."

A further important change was occasioned by the Act of 1861. Prior to that year the right to examine candidates for appointment to parochial schools rested with the presbytery within the bounds of which the school was situated; but the Act of 1861 required that all candidates must undergo an examination as to fitness for the office before a Board consisting of professors of one or other of the Scottish universities, each of the four universities having several counties associated with it as examination districts, Aberdeen and Glasgow Universities being the two with which the Western Highlands are thus associated. So much for the changes resulting from these "enactments" of the Act of 1861. No doubt ere these changes were heard of vast benefits had been conferred upon our Highland districts by the planting of schools in remote and populous districts, schools usually well conducted and under careful supervision; and to this may be added that previous to 1861—long previous, in fact—the assimilating process had commenced, so that while the changes contained in, or rather resulting from, the enactments of that year are of considerable importance, they must be viewed as merely constituting a part of powers aiding a work already commenced. Of more recent legislative measures there has not yet been time to know the results.

Another very material element in the process of assimilation may be found in the increased and increasing facilities of communication between our Western Highlands and the great centres of commerce and progress.

It is not many years ago since the shopkeepers of these districts occupied six weeks between the time of leaving home for Glasgow (whence supplies are usually got) and finding themselves and their "goods" in their shops. Mightily changed are matters now. The shopkeeper leaving his home in the remote Highlands on Monday, and having abundance of time in Glasgow to purchase his "goods," may with perfect convenience reach his home on the Saturday; or, if wishing to be expeditious, he may be home on the Thursday. Journeys that formerly occupied days may now be accomplished in as many hours. Glasgow, in former days averaging seventy-two hours' travelling from the remote Highlands, may now be reached in

twenty-four hours; and when we say "former days," we mean even since the days when steam-vessels found their way our length, for before then twenty days were usually occupied in travelling to Glasgow. At the present time, however, steamers from Glasgow twice a week visit even the remotest creek in the outer Hebrides. From Glasgow they bring a large quantity of goods in the drapery department, large supplies of tea and sugar (the former of which is now very extensively used in the Highlands), and all other requisite commodities. To Glasgow these steamers take fish, eggs, lobsters, and such other products as may be likely to find a ready sale in the southern market. Besides steamers, the larger part of the West Highlands is now within easy access of railway communication. Skye, the island not chiefly of mist, as it is often called, but of beautiful and romantic scenery, is now within four hours of a railway station—a great improvement on a time (three years ago) when the nearest railway station was sixteen hours' travelling away. Lewis and North and South Uist, including Skye, are the principal islands of the Western Hebrides, and the remotest district of either of these is in a direct run within eight hours of a railway station, no ordinary sign of progress contrasted with the state of matters not many years ago.

The chief cause of these more recently marked changes is the construction, about two years ago, of a line of railway called "The Dingwall and Skye Railway." This line constitutes a powerful cementing agency between the West Highlands and the South of Scotland. It has likewise proved a material convenience to the crowds of tourists from England and many parts of Scotland who annually visit the romantic scenery in which our Highland districts abound. From Portree the tourist may proceed to the farther north islands—Lewis, with its prettily situated and active capital town, Stornoway, opposite the bay of which stands the magnificent castle of the much respected generous proprietor of the island, Sir James Matheson, Bart.; North and South Uist well repaying a visit, were it only for the privilege of a week's enjoyment of the fresh invigorating air of these interesting districts. Again, regarding the varying of the "route," having travelled the north, the tourist may return southward either by Stornoway or Portree. From Stornoway, in the tourist season, there is daily communication to the mainland in comfortable steamers. Any of the published "Tourist Guides" will give all the required information.

Lastly, as to increased facilities for communication, it is interesting to notice that telegraphic wires now unite the remote Highlands with the south of Scotland. Telegraphic communication is about to be commenced in Skye, Lewis, and Harris, to Stornoway in the island of Lewis, where a very extensive trade is carried on in herring-fishing during the summer. The benefit of telegraphic communication must be very considerable. In a few hours the fish-curers will be made aware of the state of the continental markets, and thus their purchases will be regulated without the risk formerly inevitable in consequence of the long time occupied in procuring information.

Before the days of facilities for communication, what progress might be made educationally, however valuable in itself, would, as far as what we may call availableness, be almost practically valueless. Spheres of usefulness—of large and lucrative usefulness—were to the Highlander comparatively unknown.

A journey, say to Glasgow or Edinburgh, was in those days considered as great an undertaking, if not a greater, than a journey to Quebec or Montreal would now be. Very many knew little or nothing of the existence of such places as Edinburgh or Glasgow. Those who did know were met with a very material check, whatever their ambition. They knew these fields of usefulness existed, but to them, in the remote Highlands, they were beyond reach. This state of matters has passed away. Several years before the means of communication were so extensive as they now are, the eyes of our Highland friends were opened to the nearness of fields of successful enterprise for such as diligently availed themselves of the extended educational opportunities. And what are the results? They are most favourable and encouraging. In the capacity of shopkeepers, mechanics, clerks in banks and large manufactories, lawyers and lawyers' clerks, medical men, clergymen, and several other useful occupations, are now to be found natives of the *once* remote Highlands; industrious, highly intelligent, and very successful in life; some of whom, but for the increased facilities for communication, together with the increased means of education, would at this day very probably have their ambition realised in the possession of a quarter or one-sixth of a not large fishing-boat—two or three acres of arable but not particularly fertile land, whose chief occupation and amusement would be attention to the land in spring and autumn, a few weeks' fishing in summer, and purposeless evenings of tattle and gossip during a lazy winter.

Far be it from us to disparage these men or their occupation. There are true and good men among them, and their occupation is necessary. But their sphere is very sufficiently stocked, and it is matter of special congratulation that the increased and increasing facilities for communication, together with growing opportunities for instruction in useful knowledge, are enabling many from these ranks to go forth to the larger world, as it were, where they may prove a blessing to themselves and their immediate friends, as well as constitute a valuable accession to the industry and perseverance of the community with which they become associated.

So much for these marked changes. Here a little may appropriately be said regarding the Gaelic language.

Long live the grand old language, we say, under the influence of sentiment aided by fond associations; but we must consult more than mere sentiment, and impartially speak of the bearing upon the welfare of our Highland friends of the Gaelic language.

We admit, and with pride admit, the antiquity and beauty of the language, once universal in the Highlands. Celtic poets in it have conveyed sublimest thoughts. Those who could speak comparatively acknowledge it to be eminently calculated to inspire and maintain devotional feeling, and engender devoutness in the worship of the sanctuary. Notwithstanding all this, some prophesy for the Gaelic language but a short existence. They naturally reason from the undoubted fact that it is already disappearing. In not a few of the Highland districts there are many of the young who have no knowledge of Gaelic, nor is there any great probability of their ever learning it.

Now, it must be admitted that the Gaelic language, if not the cause, has been the occasion of much want of success to the Highlander: and that simply

because it rendered him indifferent to the acquiring of English, essential in the larger world of trade and commerce. We need not enlarge. It is thus Gaelic has constituted any barrier to progress—not in itself, but in so far as it excluded English, for many who now occupy responsible and lucrative employments in the South, with all their English knowledge retain their Gaelic, and proudly retain it, though seldom having occasion to speak it. It is seldom or never forgotten in after-life, even though not spoken, where it has been spoken up to the age of between sixteen and twenty. Persons, however, of limited brains, but not small empty pride, when they go South forget the language in two years or less, stupidly imagining that ignorance of Gaelic means increase of knowledge. How pleasingly different an instance we met with a short time ago of a manly, honest-hearted gentleman, a retired major-general in the army, who, having spent twenty-five years abroad in the service of the Honourable East India Company, and perhaps never in that time conversed with any in Gaelic, could speak it with fluency at the end of that period, as the writer can testify, having frequently conversed in Gaelic with him.

We believe Gaelic will long find an existence—small it may be, but long and lingering—in many a district in the West Highlands; but much though we Highlanders may in one way regret it, ominous signs are not wanting of a day in the future when Gaelic accents will be sounds exceeding rare. It may here be noticed that it is proposed to institute a Gaelic Professorship in the University of Edinburgh. Scotland has several able Celtic scholars, and in Edinburgh itself there is one of very eminent ability, and of excellent qualifications for such a professorship.

We may add that we have just received the "announcement" of the intended publication of "a periodical devoted to the interests of Gaelic literature." It is to be called "The Gael." A publication bearing the name lately appeared in Canada (published in Toronto), and as the gentleman who conducted it (Mr. Angus Nicolson, late editor of "The Canada Scotsman") has, by the Canadian Government, been appointed emigration commissioner for Scotland, he was brought into communication with the gentlemen who originally resolved on starting a Gaelic periodical, and the result is that the publication of "The Gael" is to be transferred to Scotland. The publication will be materially supported, and, receiving the countenance of "eminent Gaelic scholars on both sides of the Atlantic," promises to secure success.

A few words now as to Superstition, invariably associated with the Scottish Highlands. This historic fame, no doubt, is to a great extent merited. But where is superstition wanting, in some form or other? When we hear of the inhabitants of any one district being more than ordinarily under the sway of superstitious opinions or beliefs, the influences or circumstances we examine as accounting for this must be viewed not as originators of superstition so much as its sustaining powers.

A country's formation, the outline of its scenery, has much to do with its superstitious beliefs and practices. And what have we in the Highlands to account for the admitted prevalence of superstition, at least in bygone days?

Our situation is mountain-girt, we have massive echoing rocks, we have solitary glens, lofty mountain-

passes, and roaring cataracts, which often touch the unconscious imagination, and have a peculiar weird effect of their own; and adding to this the impressive stillness of the then isolated locality, we obtain a not unmeaning clue to the prevalence of superstition. I do not give any details of the superstitious beliefs or practices still remaining in the West Highlands. There are few which have not parallels in all wild countries with a population not well educated. The progress of knowledge and of true religion will remove what is merely superstitious in these beliefs without impairing the reverence which the Highlanders bear for the unseen Power that directs all natural events.

We now conclude. Generally speaking, we think it is clear that the *now* days of the Scottish Highlands are better than those that were. Speaking comprehensively in giving a cause for the change, it may be said that former remoteness was the cause of the then backward state of matters, but that this remoteness is now very much a thing of the past.

Along with it has passed away the hitherto marked individuality of the Highlander, but not his independence of spirit—a loyal, patriotic independence of spirit.

The days of mere clanship are over, and every true Highlander now boasts of national independence under British colours, of which no one can be more proud, and to uphold which no one will undergo more persevering toil and hardship. The battle-fields of the Peninsula and Waterloo, of Egypt and the Crimea, could their brave sleeping tenants speak, would confirm the truth of this assertion.

The change which I have been describing, while benefiting the Highlander, also benefits the community into which Highland steadfastness and genius have been introduced. This advantage is mutual. Of course, it must always be remembered that in the days when the individuality spoken of was most marked, and when, in the matter of communication, the Highlands were very remote, these districts contributed not a few bright ornaments to grace the fields of Law, Medicine, Theology, and general Literature, and a large number who attained to the highest offices in the Army and Navy, and who in each department won some of the brightest laurels their country could bestow.

Thus, of course, though we are in advance of a past generation, we are under obligations to it, as a succeeding generation will be to us. The assimilation spoken of regarding the Highlands has done much good; that assimilation is progressive, and we have therefore valid grounds to hope encouragingly for the future.

THE WORKING CLASSES ABROAD.

XIV.—ITALY (*continued*).

THE city of Leghorn, containing near a hundred thousand inhabitants, swarms with lounging idlers and vagabonds skilled in the art of doing nothing, and whose means of existence are a mystery. If they go to work at all it is only under the pressure of hunger, and their work is not of a very energetic sort. As an example of Tuscan industry, we may cite the fact that though the soil is admirably adapted to farming, the average produce of wheat per acre is only eleven bushels, while in England it is thirty-five bushels. The rate of wages is of course low. One

of the noticeable industries of Leghorn is rag-sorting, no less than 40,000 bales of rags being sorted at this port every year. The sorting is chiefly done by women, who earn from about 4*d.* to 10*d.* a day, according to their skill and activity. Carpenters earn from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 5*d.* a day; cab-drivers, a remarkably civil, cleanly, and obliging class, earn on an average 3*s.* 6*d.* a day. The wage of masons is about 2*s.* 2*d.* a day; that of hod-men from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* The custom-house porters receive 3*s.* 9*d.* a day, and the grain-porters about half as much. The field labourer is paid 1*s.* a day; the mechanic's labourer, 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.*; blacksmiths get from 2*s.* 3*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.*; turners and fitters the same; and foremen of industrial establishments from 5*s.* 3*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*; window-sash makers are paid from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 10*d.* a day. Women earn at silk-reeling from 6*d.* to 10*d.* a day. The straw trade, which is not carried on in the vicinity of Leghorn, but in the neighbouring province, employs upwards of 100,000 hands, and the wages vary from 1*s.* 1*d.* to 2*s.* 7*d.* for the men, and from 5*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* for the women.

The purchase power of money at Leghorn is not greater than in England. An English workman who should live as well as he does at home, would have to spend 15*s.* a week, and he would pay about 11*s.* a month for his lodgings (a single room). As an evidence of the quality of the work turned out by the Tuscans, we are referred to a case which has recently been brought to light, of a cotton-spinner who has been able, during several years, to pass off his goods as English manufactures in the markets of the country, to the serious detriment of a Manchester house. One of the chief causes of the demoralisation of the Italian lower classes is the lotteries organised by the Government, which, as one of their writers affirms, "like a vampire, suck the blood of the poor, give them a distaste for work, destroy all habits of economy and foresight, and besides rendering them a prey to the most absurd prejudices, prevent their sense of morality." To be convinced of the baneful results of these lotteries, it is only necessary to attend any Saturday evening at the lottery offices, and there to see the half-famished creatures who are waiting to see the winning numbers posted up.

In Florence the average rate of workmen's wages would be a trifle under 2*s.* 6*d.* a day. Special crafts, however, are paid somewhat more. Thus, a tailor is paid from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; a baker, from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.*; a mosaic worker, from 2*s.* 10*d.* to 4*s.* 9*d.*; a carver, from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; upholsterers, plumbers, and house-painters earn an average of 3*s.* 4*d.*

The cost of provisions is not high, since a native workman with a wife and child, if he lodge out of town, can cover all expenses of diet and rent by the outlay of 2*s.* 1*d.* a day. Beef is sold at 5*d.* a pound, lamb, 3*d.* or 4*d.*; rice at 2*d.*; bread at 1*d.*, potatoes at three pounds for 2*d.* (the Tuscan pound being only three-quarters of the English pound); and wine at 1*s.* 4*d.* a gallon. Lodgings in the city are dear, and those occupied by artisans in Florence are for the most part excessively crowded and dirty, and owe their ventilation to the absence of proper doors and windows. The climate is very variable, and the quality of the cold during the prevalence of the "tramontano" is of so penetrating a character that a stranger would be unable to withstand it unless supported by a generous diet; therefore an English workman residing at Florence during winter should consume as much animal food as his purse can pro-

cure, and at the same time avoid all deleterious drinks. Temperance is the best safeguard to health, and the violation of it is often fatal to strangers; so is heedless exposure to the evening air. When the English navvies were working on the Maremma line of railway, there was a loss of twenty-nine by death in one month, not due to over-exertion, for they only wrought two hours at a time, but to reckless and unnecessary exposure to the night air, coupled with intemperance.

In *Piedmont* and *Lombardy*, which form the sinews of United Italy, the inhabitants partake much of the character of the northern nations, being brave and energetic and of warlike tendencies. The working class is generally intelligent and industrious, and sober while at work. On Sundays and holidays, however, including Saint Monday, to whom much reverence is paid, they often spend in drinking bouts over games of bowls the larger part of their earnings. This love of the bottle, recognised in the type of the Piedmontese "Gianduja," or John of the Jug, is most prominent among the working classes of Turin. When the wine is in the knife comes out; and in this city, which boasts of being the most civilised in Italy, every Sunday and holiday is marked in blood, usually shed in drunken brawls. The bodies of casual passers-by would appear, however, to be occasionally used as a convenient sheath for the steel of some more humorous "Barabba," as the younger roughs, who sometimes add highway robbery to stabbing, are not unappropriately called. These last must not be confounded with the real working men, for whom, indeed, they could never be mistaken if the artisans did not sometimes affect their manners.

Wages at *Turin* are not at a rate attractive to English workmen. In the building trade the average of all departments would be scarcely 2s. 6d. a day; marble-cutters may earn about 3s. 6d., and house-decorators from 3s. to 4s. 2d., while the highest wage of a plumber is 2s. a day. Printers earn from 3s. to 5s. a day, compositors and machine-men being paid best, and the layers-on, who are women, receiving from 10d. to 1s. Foremen paper-makers receive 2s. 6d. a day, and the operatives under them about half as much. In the tobacco factories the wages are lower, the best workmen receiving but 1s. 10d. a day. In the Royal Arsenal work is paid by the hour at rates varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Tailors (the best hands) are paid 2s. 6d. a day, but often earn a third more by piece-work. Blacksmiths, filers, fitters, turners, and other workers in iron, earn on the average about 3s. 6d. a day. The average of the workers in the woollen and the cotton mills would not be 2s. a day; and that in the silk and thread factories, where men, women, and children work together, would hardly amount to 1s. a day. The above wages are those paid in Turin, until lately the capital; in other towns and industrial centres of Piedmont and Lombardy, the rate of wages will be from one-third to one-fourth less.

Lodgings in Turin have always been dear and bad. In the dark and squalid lanes where formerly the working classes were crowded together, light and air and every convenience of life were wanting; scrofula, which still mows down many victims, was most extensively generated; and epidemics spread from these centres of contagion to the more healthy quarters of the city. Even now but little has been done to improve the dwellings of the artisans, though the rent

they pay is not light. Owners of houses prefer other tenants for fear of difficulty in obtaining the rent, or of losing it altogether; in consequence they raise the amount to balance the risk. Throughout Lombardy the average cost of the wretched accommodation a workman can obtain for his family is about £4 a year—a high rent compared with the rate of wages, and the number of idle days in the year.

According to the laws regulating the relations between employers and employed, any combination among masters for the purpose of compelling their workmen to accept a reduction of wages, or to receive commodities in whole or part payment, if such combination have been followed by some overt act in execution of it, shall be punished with imprisonment not exceeding one month and a fine of not less than £4 or more than £120. On the other hand, every combination among workmen for the purpose of suspending or impeding any work or increasing its cost, without reasonable cause, is punishable with three months' imprisonment whenever carried into effect. Trades' unions have as yet made but little progress in the north of Italy, though their influence in controlling the action of labour is in some places beginning to be felt.

In *Sicily* there is a large class of men who in other lands would be labourers, but who are really confirmed idlers, never taking regular employment, living nobody knows how, or at best on the labour of their wives and children. These drones not many years back formed nearly a fourth of the entire population; but since the great public works were commenced by the Italian Government, a portion of them have happily been absorbed into the labouring ranks. The rate of wages may be gathered from the following instances: Skilled mechanics earn from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a day, the average being about 3s.; compositors, cabinet-makers; shipbuilders, and founders earn more than the average; masons, carpenters, and ordinary craftsmen rarely reach it; men working on railways get from 3s. to 3s. 6d.; if working in the sulphur mines, about 3s. a day; labourers on the public works are paid from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d. a day; and the field labourer earns from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a day, doubling the latter wage in harvest time.

The working class in Sicily are for the most part wretchedly housed. The better sort of artisans, indeed, may afford to occupy a room or two on the ground floor, where some show of comfort can be maintained; but the family of the unskilled workman is generally crowded into a single chamber barely large enough for the bed and a seat or two, and often receiving light and air only through the doorway. In the country their accommodation is more miserable than in the towns, and the inmates live together with donkey, pigs, or fowls, if they possess such riches. Hence these hovels are redolent of filth and miasma, and swarm with vermin. Yet they esteem themselves fortunate to possess such a roof, seeing that the field labourer has often nothing better than a conical hut of reeds, with a litter of straw for his bed, and a vessel or two for cooking and drinking. The miner is even worse off still; after toiling all day in the bowels of the earth, he comes to the surface to pass the night in some hole or cave hollowed in the hill-side, and more like the den of a beast than a human habitation.

As to the purchase power of money in Sicily we have the evidence of some British mechanics who have settled at Palermo and are in the employ of

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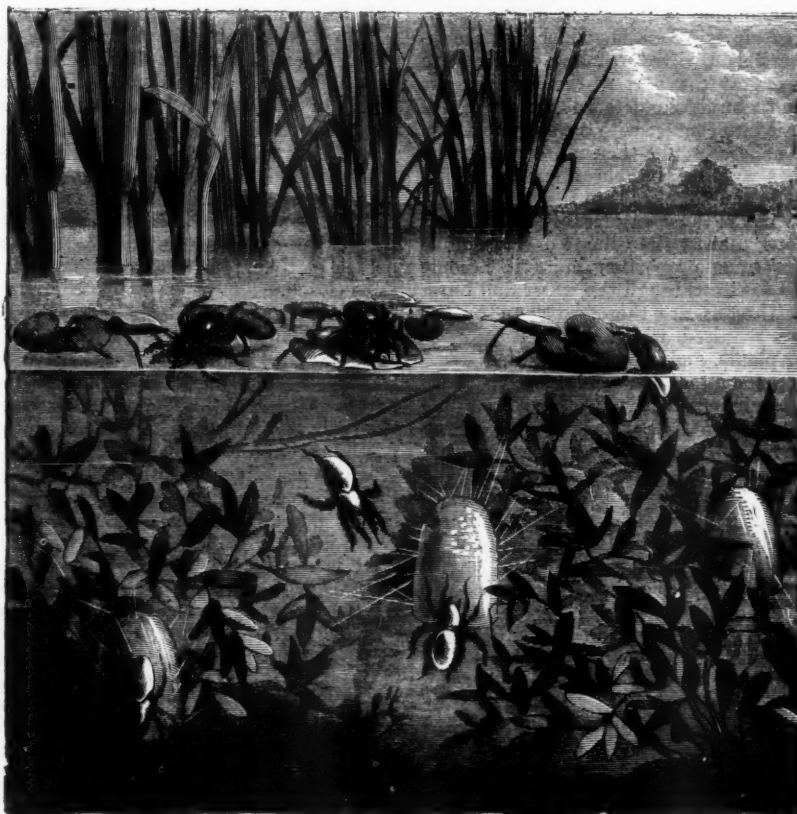
native companies whose steam-boats sail from that port. These men were paid under contract £15 or £16 a month for their services as engineers, which was nearly double the pay a native would receive. Though they were supplied with rations, the provisions which they had to purchase for their families were very dear; fuel was very dear; and articles of clothing much more costly than at home. On the whole, after the experience of many years, they did not find it easier to lay by money out of their wages than in England, but rather the reverse.

As to the quality of the work of Sicilians, little can be said in its praise. Conscientiousness is not a Sicilian virtue, and as a rule the artisans do not take

a pride in their work. The great object of the workman is to turn out his work as soon as he can, without any regard to excellence or durability, and get the highest and quickest return in cash. This want of conscientiousness is a national characteristic, and has been for centuries. The stranger who walks through the streets of Palermo will be struck with the number of churches and houses which are shored up by massive beams stepped in the pavement, or fixed against the houses opposite. On inquiry he will learn that the foundations are giving way, not on account of the treacherous nature of the soil, but in consequence of the construction, or of the wretched materials employed.

THE WATER SPIDER.

(*Argyroneta Aquatica*, L.).



AIR-BELLS OF DIVING WATER SPIDERS, ATTACHED BY THREADS TO THE SURROUNDING PLANTS.

SOME time ago I was so fortunate as to take one of these insects in the Hackney marshes, where it is by no means uncommon, whilst procuring stock for an aquarium. It was easily recognised amongst the water-weed brought ashore by the dip-net, by its conspicuous size. It is about as large as a full-grown common house spider, and of a pale reddish-brown colour. A close nap of hair invests the abdomen and the under surface of the cephalo-thorax, giving it a dark appearance when out of the water; and, owing to the repulsion of the water by the nap, and

the presence of a film of air which thus becomes necessarily enclosed, these parts of the body of the insect are covered with the brilliancy of metallic silver. Hence the origin of the name by which the insect is distinguished in science.

The stream from which this spider was taken was flowing slowly, its surface covered with duck-meet, and its depths filled with water star-grass (*Callitriche*), which plant affords these spiders the necessary degree of shade, and at the same time a scaffolding or support for their curious sub-aqueous and aerial

habitation. As soon as taken, the insect was placed in a glass jar, containing a few pebbles, a sprig of the callitriche or star-grass, and some of the water of its native stream. The food of the water spider consists of boat-flies, water-mites, and the larvæ of the gnat, caddice-fly, and dragon-fly.

Next morning I was agreeably surprised with the first sight of the sub-aqueous aerial mansion of which I had so frequently read, and which the insect had constructed in the night. It was situated nearly in the centre of the jar, and was somewhat oval in outline, nearly an inch in diameter, closed at the top but open below. The little architect was at home to visitors, sitting very quietly in an inverted position, the very best possible attitude which she could have assumed for purposes of observation above, beneath, and around her.

According to my own personal observations, the insect goes to work in its construction as follows:—She ascends to the surface head first, then turns round as on a pivot, and the head being downwards, the apex of her abdomen is thrust out of the water, and a supply of air is taken in, which, as she re-descends, appears as a silvery globule attached to the rear. Arrived at the part of the plant where the air-bell is to be built, she detaches the bubble of air by bringing it into contact with the stem, to which it immediately adheres. She then reascends to the surface, detaches another bubble from the atmosphere, re-descends and attaches it to the first bubble, the volume of which is thus considerably augmented. But it is obvious that as the volume of the bubble enlarges, in the same proportion must it become buoyant, or tend to rise through the water and burst at its surface. Threads are therefore spun by the insect as they are required, which anchor it safely to the surrounding plants, and keep it in position.

The spider ascends altogether ten or twelve times to the surface for air, which she transfers from the atmosphere above to the air-bell below, with all the skill of a chemist effecting the transfer of gases from one jar to another at the pneumatic trough. The whole process of transference occupies about a quarter of an hour, when a sufficient amount of air has been carried below to expand her apartment to its proper dimensions.

As the quantity of air in the air-bell is continually diminishing, owing to the breathing of the spider, which consumes its oxygen, replacing it by carbonic acid, which is absorbed by the water as soon as formed, numerous journeys to the surface become necessary to keep up the supply of air below; for this purpose our little architect constructs a ladder of threads amongst the leaves of the plants, which greatly facilitates these up-and-down movements, so that it ascends and descends with all the nimbleness of a monkey amongst the cocoa-nut palms and tree ferns of warm climates, or of a sailor up and down the rope-ladders among the sails of his ship.

The mode in which the bubble of air is taken from the atmosphere may be easily observed by the following plan, which I adopted. The glass vessel in which I kept my spider was a common pickle-jar, with square sides and a wide mouth, holding about a pint and a half of water. This jar was filled so as to cause the water to rise in its neck up to the margin of the mouth. A large double convex lens was then placed over the top of the jar; the insect soon came to the surface, turned round, and I knew that the abdomen was thrust out of the water by the sudden

disappearance of the investing film of air. The aperture at the extremity of the abdomen was then opened by the insect, and in another moment the abdomen was again withdrawn below the surface, the coating of air being precisely the same as it was before. The sudden disappearance of the film of air from the abdomen, and the loss of its silvery lustre as soon as projected above the surface of the water, are somewhat startling, and must be seen to be appreciated.

The spider is a solitary insect, and is remarkably unsocial in its habits. The male and female live separately, the former never approaching the latter excepting at the period of pairing, and even then with the greatest caution for fear of being devoured. The air-bell of the male is usually formed near that of the female, and is generally rather larger and more globular in its appearance; because the male water spider is both stronger and larger than the female, in which respect it differs from the other members of the insect family, the males as a general rule being smaller than the females.

Towards winter my water spider laid its eggs, which were of a yellow colour, enclosed in a silken case and placed within the air-bell, filling about one-fourth of the enclosed space, the spider itself occupying the remainder, keeping guard over her eggs. There it stayed throughout the winter months, and as it continued inactive, was forgotten. The eggs were hatched in early spring; for, one morning, I found in the jar hundreds of minute water spiders. All of them died, and also the mother, as I subsequently neglected them; so that at this point my observations closed.

The upper part of the air-bell of the water spider is lined with white opaque threads, so closely compacted as to be impervious to light, the lower portion being transparent and open, so as to give admission or egress to the insect. These threads proceed from a reservoir of glutinous fluid, secreted by glands and passed through organs called spinnerets, four or five of which are situated at the posterior termination of the abdomen. The extremity of each spinneret highly magnified, shows innumerable very minute perforations or orifices, through which the glutinous fluid is drawn into threads of extreme tenuity or fineness, which threads consist of matter wholly insoluble in water. It has been proved that the thread of a spider consists of five thousand separate threads fabricated by the delicate machinery of its spinnerets, and coiled together at a little distance from them. Each spider has a sufficient quantity of silky matter in its body to make about six or seven game nets and keep them in repair, and when this is exhausted it must either die or appropriate to itself the web of another spider. Old spiders usually attack young ones when their reservoir of fluid is exhausted.

Water spiders always have a number of irregular threads stretched from the bottom of their air-bell, and attached to the adjacent branches and leaves of the plants which surround them. These threads telegraph by their rapid vibrations the presence of booty, and serve at the same time as bridges which the insect can rapidly and safely traverse to secure its prey by quickly tying its legs, wings, and other organs with threads, so as to prevent its struggles. Sometimes the insect thus captured and secured is taken to the air-bell, and there devoured, or it is attached to the outside of the air-bell by a thread

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without being touched, as provision for a rainy day!

The bite of the larger kinds of English spider is disagreeable, but not dangerous, being formidable only to flies. This remark applies to the water spider. Removing one rather carelessly from the water the insect bit me. This was quite unexpected, and I threw it down, being more under the influence of nervous apprehension than pain. I took it up a second and a third time and received two more bites for my trouble. The sensations were at the time only momentarily disagreeable, but not to be called painful. The fang of the insect entered the nail of my forefinger, producing a deadened sensation of the bite, and leaving a very perceptible puncture, which remained visible on the surface for more than three weeks. About half an hour after I had noticed the bite on the forefinger, I became conscious of another bitten locality. The under surface of my fourth finger had evidently received the poison. Near the first joint from the nail there was a minute red point, barely perceptible to the eye, but well-defined and unmistakable when examined with a pocket-lens—no swelling, but a slight soreness on pressure, the sensation continuous, resembling exactly the sting of a nettle, and lasting for eighteen hours. Repeated applications of water had not the slightest effect; a few drops of strong ammonia removed the pain, but the sensation returned as the ammonia evaporated. The pain was so feeble that I was unconscious of it when conversing with my friends, and only sensible of its existence when my thoughts were not occupied with something else. It continued nearly the same throughout the eighteen hours, and went away suddenly in about ten minutes. My experience of the bite of this insect has taught me to handle it carefully, as I do not wish a renewal of sensations which, although not decidedly painful, are afterwards prolonged, and therefore unpleasant.

H. C.

LEISURE HOURS IN IRELAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

X.—THE MARTINS OF GALWAY.

THERE are few who have not heard of Richard Martin, M.P., the representative of County Galway in the British House of Commons. It is long ago now, for he died before Queen Victoria's reign began. The generation that knew him has almost passed away, but his name yet lives, and will be ever memorable in the annals of the British legislature. He was one of the notable men in the old parliaments before the days of the Reform Bill; notable on many accounts, but in parliamentary records having his name chiefly associated with the subject of cruelty to animals, the first bill for preventing or punishing which was popularly known as "Mr. Martin's Act." It was a topic new in the House of Commons, though Lord Erskine had previously advocated the same good cause in the House of Lords, where, in 1809, a measure was passed without a division. The bill was thrown out, however, in the House of Commons, having met with violent opposition, especially from Mr. Windham.

Mr. Martin made the question his own, and had a long and uphill battle to fight. He was met by argument sometimes, and by ridicule always, echoed

by the wits and newspaper writers out of doors. The proposal to legislate for dumb animals was novel; it was Quixotic; it was an interference with the rights of man! With regard to bull-baiting, cock-fights, and similar brutal sports, it was maintained that they were necessary to keep up the national spirit and the bravery of the English people, as if cold cruelty were identical with manly spirit and true courage! It was also objected that it would be unjust to deprive the poor of their amusements while no attempt was made to interfere with the equally cruel sports of the rich. "This bill," said Mr. Windham, upon one occasion, "instead of being called a bill for preventing cruelty to animals, should be entitled a bill for harassing and oppressing certain classes among the lower orders of the people." Mr. Martin exposed the true motive of this argument. "Gentlemen apprehended that they rose above vulgar prejudices, and were great philosophers, when they maintained that the lower classes were entitled to their own amusements. But this opinion, so far from being philosophic and philanthropic, was founded on an unworthy motive; it arose from a contempt for the lower class of people, and was so much as to say, 'poor creatures, let them alone, they have few amusements, let them enjoy them.'" The following entry to the same effect I find in Mr. Wilberforce's diary:—"Went to the House for Martin's Bill on cruelty to animals. It is opposed on the ground of the rich having their own amusements, and that it would be hard to rob the poor of theirs . . . a most fallacious argument, and one which has its root in contempt for the poor."

It was not till 1824 that Mr. Martin succeeded in carrying a general measure (3 George IV. c. 71). In the same year the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was instituted. Increased attention then began to be given to the subject, and after some years' trial of the Act, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed for further inquiry. They reported their opinion that "further enactments are necessary to prevent, as far as possible, the continuance of the cruel and improper treatment of animals."

We have made great progress since then in humane and beneficent legislation. Mr. Martin afterwards obtained an extension of his first bill, which was again further amended, and the present enactment received the assent of her Majesty in the twelfth year of her reign. Martin's Act became also the parent of the Grammont Law in France, and of numerous statutes in various countries of the civilised world. The subject of which the support once brought ridicule and obloquy, has now become popular and fashionable, as is attested by the existence in London of the most influential "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," under royal and distinguished patronage, with many similar societies throughout the kingdom, and in America and other lands.

In a recent number of "The Animal World," a periodical connected with the parent society, and admirable for its enlightened and sensible advocacy of humanity to dumb creatures, there was a genial tribute to the memory of Richard Martin. "The advocate of the new doctrine was a man of middle stature, whose physique denoted more than ordinary strength. As he stood before the House, already well filled by men who had hurried down to Westminster to scoff, it was obvious that there was no

levity in his application. He was in earnest—his eye and mouth giving no uncertain signs of courage and determination; dogged, and yet withal exhibiting captivating graces of manner and geniality of temper. Among the crowd of noblemen and commoners beneath him, many of them the representatives of lords spiritual and temporal in those palmy days of our political history, who so noble as the proud speaker whose voice is drowned in jeers and cock-crowings? Representing countless multitudes who cannot speak, but whose unutterable woes made his tongue eloquent, the member for Galway moved on without regarding the prejudices of his hearers, or the revilings of a sporting assembly. Richard Martin is on his feet, in spite of opposition, and he means to keep his legs; he pleads the cause of animals, and asks that the constitution of Old England—the glorious and free—may make itself more glorious and free by putting down wanton and oppressive cruelty to the humblest dependents of man. A few reflecting, cultivated members (among whom was Sir Francis Burdett) encourage the honourable gentleman, but his remarks generally excite ridicule, and ultimately an ironical House throws out the measure, and dubs its promoter ever afterwards 'Humanity Dick.' These men, the unreformed representatives of an unreformed House of Commons, are mostly now silent in their graves; but, departing hence, how many of such revilers would have given all earthly possessions for the honour reserved throughout time for the memory of Richard Martin?"

Mr. Martin's watchful care of his dumb clients did not confine itself to parliamentary efforts. When in London he never failed to bring before the police-magistrates such offenders as had the ill-luck to come under his eye, when he would press the law against them to the uttermost. In Connemara he is said to have often taken the law into his own hands, and shut up in a fortress on the shore of Ballynahinch Lake any of his tenants or retainers who were guilty of inhumanity towards the brute creation. The ruins of this fortress were pointed out to me from the road, and strange stories told of the uses that had been made of its dungeons, especially when troubles began to gather round the lordly owner of the estate.

How the property came into the possession of the Martin family, a branch of one of the ancient "Tribes of Galway;" how it was enlarged from the confiscated estates of the "ferocious O'Flaherties," long the terror of the English settlers in Connaught; and how the vast estate passed away from the old holders: all this forms one of the most romantic and touching chapters in Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families." Some facts from this book will best explain the association of the Martins with Connemara, and prepare the reader for notice of other matters not referred to by the Ulster King-at-Arms in his records of the family.

The estate of the Martins might well be called a principality. Situated in the county of the town of Galway and the baronies of Moycullen, Ballynahinch, and the half-barony of Ross, in the county of Galway, it contained upwards of one hundred and ninety-two thousand statute acres, and extended almost uninterruptedly from the town of Oughterard to Clifden and Claggan Bays, a distance of at least thirty miles, having the navigable Lough Corrib on the north, and the Bay of Galway and the Atlantic Ocean as the south and south-western boundaries. Yet their

dwelling of Ballynahinch, although styled a castle, was unworthy of the surrounding land. The prodigious extent of the demesne may be imagined from the fact that the grandfather of the last possessor could boast to George IV. "he had an approach from his gate-house to his hall of thirty miles length." Were the greater part of these enormous demesnes either waste, rock, or moorland, there would be less matter for surprise; but such is not altogether the fact; the whole is infinitely diversified with glens, lakes, rivers, and some portion of cultivated land, though far below what the soil would naturally admit of. Many of these waters exhibit scenes of surpassing attraction, their wide surface being broken by beautifully wooded islets. There are about sixty-four of the larger of such watery oases, not to mention a multitude of islets that occur singly or in clusters, and are not the less lovely from oftentimes presenting themselves in the midst of desolation. Moreover, the whole coast, washed by the Atlantic, is indented with numerous bays, offering the same panorama of islands that seem to float upon the reflecting element. And then, as might be expected from the natural history of Ireland, the waters abound in salmon and trout, while the land is not less amply provided with grouse, woodcocks, and divers sorts of waterfowl, which make a country life so delectable to sportsmen. At the same time, amidst all these agreeable recommendations, there is no want of the useful. The sea affords an abundant supply of manure for agricultural purposes, various parts are rich in blue limestone, and in the Twelve Pin Mountains are inexhaustible quarries of marble. Nothing is wanted but the hand of industry, aided by modern science, encouragement, and capital, to render Connemara equal to some of the favoured regions of the earth.

Within this prodigious extent of territory the Martins exercised something very nearly akin to feudal rule, the arms of the law being much too short, on most occasions, to stretch into the wilds of Connaught. They were lords paramount. Every head was bared in submission to the owners of so many thousands upon thousands of acres, which, if not generally remarkable for cultivation, at least impressed the imagination by extent. Yet, immense as the estate was, the seeds of decay had been sown in it by the profuse hospitality of its improvident owners; and with such marvellous rapidity did they spread, that when Richard Martin ceased to be returned to parliament, he was fain to seek refuge from his creditors by escaping to the continent, where, at Boulogne, he died January 6th, 1834.

Affairs do not seem to have improved under his son and immediate successor, the late Thomas Barnewall Martin, Esq., of Ballynahinch Castle. Perhaps the evil was already too deeply rooted to admit of cure, but certain it is that the immediate cause of the utter ruin of the property was the act of Mr. T. B. Martin himself, who, from a desire to aggrandise an only daughter whom he idolised, broke the entail, to the injury of his half-brother, Richard Martin, and acquired a power of borrowing money, of which he largely availed himself, and by which unhappy facility he nearly doubled the incumbrances. At his death the estates (thus heavily charged) descended to his daughter, popularly styled "the Princess of Connemara," who found it so encumbered by the prodigality of her ancestors that it became a serious question in what way she was to

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keep her inheritance together. Still she struggled on bravely, and for some time maintained a decent appearance upon the balance that remained after paying off the interest of the various mortgages. A continuation in the same line of prudence might perhaps eventually have restored the family estates to something of their former splendour; but, though sought in marriage by many of wealth and name, she gave her hand in preference to a near relation, Mr. Gonne Bell, who, whatever else might be his gifts, had not the gift of fortune. In this case, as in so many others, it was "all for love, or the world well lost," a poetical creed which is seldom very strongly believed in when the heyday of life is over.

On the day of marriage Mr. Gonne Bell assumed by royal licence, dated 15th September, 1847, the name of his bride, and shortly afterwards both parties united in borrowing a large sum of money from the Law Life Assurance Company, in order to consolidate the incumbrances on the estate at a lower rate of interest. But this attempt to save themselves was defeated by events over which they had no control. The year of famine came on, government works were commenced, and the tenants soon ceased to pay any rents whatever, and as a natural consequence the owners of so many thousand acres were no longer able to pay up the instalments due upon their mortgage.

The end of it was, that this vast Connemara property came into the Encumbered Estates' Court, and the famous old race of Martin of Ballynahinch was sold out. The estates were managed for a time by agents of the Law Life Assurance Society, but have since—or at least parts of them—passed into other hands. Sir Bernard Burke says that, "though the home and the vast patrimony are now in the hands of strangers, a kindly remembrance of the old proprietors still lingers in the heart of the peasantry. The people yet speak of the Martins as the legitimate lords of the soil, and never mention them but with affectionate regret." He tells us that, "in the total wreck of all her fortunes, the ill-starred heiress of what was once a princely estate, the 'Princess of Connemara,' as she had been called, retired to Fontaine l'Eveque, in Belgium, where for a short time she supported herself by her pen;" but so scanty were the means thus obtained, that she resolved to emigrate to America. After a premature confinement during the voyage, the poor lady died, and thus closes the story of the Martins of Ballynahinch.

The impression conveyed by Sir B. Burke is that the family had become extinct, and that the name, as well as the fortune of the house, had passed away. Other writers have taken up the narrative, and in order "to point a moral" have made misstatements as to the extinction of the family. The facts of the case are these: The unfortunate lady who died on the voyage to America was the last representative of the Ballynahinch property, but she was not the last of the family. She was the only child, and heiress of Richard Martin's eldest son, Thomas Barnewall Martin. Her father broke the entail for her benefit (as he imagined), and to the injury of his half-brother Richard, son of Mr. Martin by a second marriage. Richard Martin is now, and has been for more than thirty years, in Canada, where he has five sons and a little colony of grandchildren. There were three daughters by the second marriage, two of whom survive, and reside in Dublin. By their representation Sir Bernard Burke has in later editions

somewhat modified the statements in the first editions of his "Vicissitudes of Families," but not till the misstatements had been used in Mr. Jerdan's autobiography, and in various other books containing accounts of Richard Martin and his affairs. Many misrepresentations have also been made as to his personal history and character, in reference to which I quote some passages from a letter now before me from one of his surviving daughters, who writes of her father in terms of veneration, reminding us of Maria Edgeworth's personal recollections of her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth.

"No portrait" writes Miss Harriett L. Martin, "could succeed in producing a living likeness of my father, because it must fail to convey that expression which gave its peculiar character to his countenance as well as to his whole demeanour, the expression I so love to recall, I believe I must coin a word to describe it, and call it 'fatherliness,' the impress of the kindly nature which, in the overflowings of its benevolence, would seek to envelope every poor waif and stray of human kind, every created being that could feel and suffer, under his protecting arm. . . . He anticipated the day of midnight missions; not a few unhappy creatures has he rescued from destruction, persuading parents to receive, persuading sinful ones to desire to be received. In more than one case he had the happiness of hearing that the object of his compassion had attained a respectable position in life. . . .

"He met his full share of the ingratitude which has become a proverb, but his nature was so imbued with kindness, his benevolence was so instinctive, that no experience of unworthiness in former instances chilled his sympathy for each new case as it arose. He was just as ready at eighty years of age as he could have been at eighteen to serve those who needed service. Happening one day to remark on the discouragement he had met with in some instances from ingratitude, in others from the fruitlessness of his efforts to serve, he said, 'Have you ever watched a mason dashing a wall? A great deal falls to the ground, but some of it will stick.'

"Some short time before his death a youth, supposed to be English, was found on the ramparts of the French town where we were then residing, with an empty laudanum bottle near him. He was removed to the hospital, and many called to inquire, some from curiosity, others, we may hope, from a better motive; amongst the latter my father. The boy recovered, and told his story. He had joined one of the many expeditions then in fashion to redress the wrongs of aggrieved nationalities, or settle the pretensions of the rival claimants to thrones. The cause in which the poor young man was engaged proved a failure, and he was making his way to England, when by the time he reached Boulogne he found himself penniless, being not merely destitute of funds, but also without friends. In his despair he attempted his own life. After the lapse of some days, however, he was sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital. And here my father comes in on the scene in a way characteristic of him. 'That unfortunate young fellow, I have asked him to dinner to-day. Perhaps we ought to tell him we shall expect him whenever he has no other engagements, otherwise he may make *surer* work of it next time. I must see what can be done for him.' Henceforward he lived at our house.

"At this stage of the affairs my father became

very ill; he was soon hopelessly ill. Fearing that in our anxiety about himself we might overlook the claims of his young *protégé*, he would never fail to ask if he had come that day, desiring some of us to send M—— up, he would like to see him. One time when he thought he might recover, he begged us to remind him that the first thing he should do when he got up must be to write again to those people or M——'s, they must be made to do something for him. But they never were made; when the grave closed over him poor young M—— lost his only friend. . . . Many years after my father's death a relation of ours happening to be at the Cape at a public place, asked one of the party had he been much in France? In reply he mentioned different places, amongst others Boulogne. 'I know that town well.' 'Do you indeed; you can then perhaps tell me what has become of the widow and daughters of Mr. Martin?' 'Oh, so you knew him?' 'Knew him!' exclaimed M——; 'why he was the best friend I ever had.' Then turning to the company assembled, he added: 'when I had not a roof to cover me, nor knew where to look for a dinner, he gave me food and shelter; he was a *father* to me.'

"Some one remarking one day in a tone of annoyance that Mr. Martin was always followed by a crowd of beggars, 'So was my Master,' was his answer."

From this sketch it is evident that Mr. Martin's exertions in behalf of dumb animals arose from no eccentric impulse, but was only one outflow of a heart full of genial kindness and benevolence. And here I have the pleasure of introducing a narrative written by a friend of the Misses Martin, describing incidents not noted by the world, but of far higher importance than any worldly events or "vicissitudes."

About forty years ago or more, a small number of Christian friends at Boulogne used to meet occasionally, to read God's word together, and to hold converse, and interchange thoughts concerning things spiritual. These happy little meetings were held at the house of Richard Martin, who not only showed interest in them, but spoke freely, though professing nothing more than a general interest in the subject. One day his remarks were so full of feeling, as showing the working of the Holy Spirit in the soul, that Madame Pytt, with tearful eyes, in taking leave of a daughter, who had long prayed for her father's conversion said, "Priez hardiment," "Pray fervently, the Lord will grant him to your prayers." This daughter, Georgina Martin, had been early converted, and had long known Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She was ever diligent in seeking the spiritual welfare of others, and showed special anxiety about her loved father. The words of her friend Madame Pytt were words of encouragement and cheering hope to her and to her mother.

Mrs. Martin had also long known and loved the truth. Her conversion, and the way she found peace in believing, give interesting illustration of the quiet work continually going on even in parts of Ireland least favoured with the light of the gospel. At Ballynahinch her kindness of heart led her to inquire into the wants of all around her, and after relieving the temporal need she often longed to be able to do something towards meeting the deeper spiritual need, and comfort the troubled soul. A young orphan girl was dying without hope of eternal life, and in a state of indifference which deeply

shocked those who felt the need of a change of heart, although they had not themselves experienced it. Thus Mrs. Martin had planned removing the dying girl from the country to the neighbourhood of Galway, that she might be visited by the Rev. Warden Daly. Previously to the removal, however, Mrs. Martin was one day walking with her eldest daughter, when a sudden shower obliged them to shelter in a cottage.

Seated near the fire was a stranger, whom on inquiry they found to be a Methodist preacher. The thought of getting him to visit the sick girl was immediately suggested. We know not the result in her case, but this circumstance led to the conversion of Mrs. Martin and her daughter Georgina, and from this period the former received and encouraged, as far as lay in her power, every messenger of the good tidings. It required no small degree of courage to take such a path at a period when revival preaching was not popular as at present, and in a remote and Catholic part of Ireland.

On one occasion either an electioneering agent or a parish priest wrote to Mr. Martin, who was attending to his parliamentary duties in London, representing to him that his wife's reception of such persons would seriously compromise his interests in the county. No one prized popularity more than he did. Political success was very dear to him, yet his reply was characteristic. Politely but firmly he declined interfering, saying that as he had always advocated liberty of conscience in favour of Roman Catholics, it would be most inconsistent in him to interfere with his wife's liberty of doing what she considered right in her own house.

Nor was he less faithful to his principle of non-interference with conscience when another trial, also consequent upon the conversion of a member of his family, awaited him. Naturally desirous that his daughter Georgina, of whom he was justly proud, should be introduced into the circles in which he had long been a favoured guest, he one day proposed her accompanying him to some place of amusement.

"Indeed, papa, I have a scruple about it," was the answer of the young disciple of Jesus.

"Then, my child, I shall never mention it to you again," and he never did.

How frequently has the very conduct which would, according to human reasoning, seem calculated to alienate the affection of a beloved relative, proved on the contrary to be the means of deepening that affection. Unaccountable do such things appear to the natural mind, but if we have been led to mark the ways of Him who alone can say, "I will work, and who shall let it?" we shall trace in His dealings an answer to the prayers of those who risked losing the love of the earthly parent for His sake. From the time in which Georgina Martin declared her determination to separate from the world, she sought and obtained her father's permission to read the word of God to him.

At a later period this devoted young believer was in deep depression of mind, by which the adversary of God and man sought to paralyse the usefulness of this child of God as he had previously harassed one whose devoted life and faithful labours have left a bright memory in the land of his pilgrimage, where fruits of spiritual blessing can still be traced to the good seed sowed in tears. Henri Pytt, whose memoirs are well known to French Christians, went through a fiery trial in his combat against doubts

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and fears suggested by the powers of darkness. Comforted of God after many a night of weeping, he was then prepared to comfort others.

It was then that circumstances which form a link in the chain of successive causes through the intertwined operation of which He who is perfect in wisdom brings about spiritual changes of eternal import by means of events apparently trifling, brought Henri Pytt and his no less devoted wife to the town where Mr. Martin and his family resided.

When Georgina Martin first heard him preach at the house of a friend he knew nothing of her spiritual conflicts, but the Spirit gave him words so precisely suited to her need that she was deeply moved, and led to call upon him next day, when a conversation with him and Madame Pytt was the commencement of a Christian friendship which the Lord blessed to her and others. She returned home feeling like a bird, which, after having been long imprisoned in a narrow cage, suddenly finds itself free to use its wings and soar into the blue heavens, singing its joyous song. Never, even during the period of trial, when without joy or hope herself, had she discontinued the readings with her father, and she now reaped her reward, for she could thus without difficulty have her friends invited to join them. In this manner were the meetings to which we have alluded commenced.

Thus dawned that blessed period when another soul was brought to experience that outward circumstances are but passing shadows, and God's dealing with the soul the great realities of life—great and real because eternal. The young disciple had long felt this, and now she could rejoice in seeing the fruit of those trials she had shared with her family.

Tread softly in the house of mourning and break not heedlessly the solemn silence, for there is a deeper anguish than language can express, and sympathy expressed only in silent prayer is best suited to assuage such anguish. "Never shall I forget the agony of that moment," writes one of Mr. Martin's two surviving daughters, "when the countenances of my mother and eldest sister, as they stood at the half-opened door of my father's room, but too plainly told that the fatal words, 'Nothing more can be done,' had been pronounced by the doctor." Yet it was at this moment of anguish that a stranger ventured to claim admittance, taking no denial from the servants.

Strange persistence!—stranger still, though unknown to the family the visitor is admitted to the sick-room. Who is he, and upon what errand does he come? Mr. Lindsay, the chaplain of the Consular Chapel at Boulogne, was the Lord's messenger. He knew that Mr. Martin had been a benevolent man, but he trembled lest he should be on the brink of eternity without pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus. Tenderly but firmly did he perform the difficult task of telling the sufferer that his state was hopeless so far as this life was concerned. Then pausing to watch the effect of this communication, great was his astonishment at the perfect calmness with which it was received: no mark of surprise or sorrow on the countenance. Could this be the perfect peace of one whose sins were forgiven, or might it be the result of that deadness of conscience which trust in natural goodness may produce? "I know, Mr. Martin," continued the Lord's faithful messenger, "you have been what is called a good man, charitable and kind in every way; but I must tell

you that is no ground of hope now." "I know it," was the calm reply, "I know it. I have been a sinner all my life—a miserable sinner! but my trust is in a Divine Redeemer."

Blessed testimony! The sinner and the Redeemer together in spirit and for ever. Blessed union! "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Full of joy Mr. Lindsay left the sick chamber to speak words of comfort to the sorrowing family, promising to return soon. But the shadows of death were more advanced, the sunset of life nearer than any had anticipated. It was evident Mr. Martin was sinking rapidly, and now his daughter Georgina, who had long prayed for his conversion and seen her prayers answered previous to his illness, kneels at his bedside to receive in his dying testimony the reward of her perseverance in reading God's word to him, even when without joy or hope to herself—

"Say not 'twas all in vain,
The watching and the waiting, and the prayer;
In pierced hands hath it unanswered lain?
'Twill grow in blessing as it lingers there."

As she repeated precious promises in the words of Scripture, her father constantly finished the verses she commenced, so showing how clear was his mind, and how perfect the peace he enjoyed, even in the hour of nature's greatest weakness. On hearing these words, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died," he remarked that it would appear from this verse that our *Saviour* would be our *Judge*. Thus gently and calmly did he pass away from this land of illusions to enter the rest prepared for those whose trust is in the Divine Redeemer.

Scattered in many and distant countries are members of Mr. Martin's family—children, grandchildren, etc. etc. Names recalling memories of the "Far West," given to new lands, bear witness that some have not forgotten the home of their ancestors. But have any found a possession in that better land to which the apostle appointed his scattered countrymen—that inheritance, incorruptible and unde-filed, that *fadeth not away*, reserved in heaven for all whose trust is in a Divine Redeemer? Will they meet in that glorious land him whose memory is dear to them, and whose dying words point them to the Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin!

Such is the touching and true narrative communicated to me by a friend of the Martin family. Having sought further information from one of the surviving daughters, Miss Mary Jane Martin writes: "You may depend on the strict accuracy of the facts in this manuscript. I was present at my father's death-bed, and with him constantly during his illness. Our sister, the Georgina Martin of the narrative, died young. She was ready to go, though the summons was short.

"With regard to the Methodist preacher who brought comfort and peace to my dear mother's mind, and I may say introduced religion as a living power among us, his name was John Feely. He was a convert from the Roman Catholic Church, and I have heard him speak of the mental distress he suffered before he could resolve to quit it. His family, of the wealthier farming class, as a matter of course threw him off. He travelled for some time with the well-known Gideon Ouseley. Feely was an excellent Irish scholar, and when using that language could impose silence on the most noisy and offensive interruption, and command the attention of those

who would not bear with a sentence in English. He was denounced as an apostate, and the people charged not to suffer him to enter their houses. It was often difficult for him to obtain a night's lodging. I remember my mother nursing him through a severe illness brought on by having to sleep either in a ruined building or in the open fields.

"I ought perhaps to mention that the first Methodist preacher my mother ever saw was a Mr. Cornwall, who at her request visited a poor dying Protestant servant, about whom my dear mother felt anxious. He was soon removed to another Circuit, but I believe he told Mr. Feely that he might reckon on a friendly reception at Clareville.

"He or any of his brethren in the ministry were welcomed to our house at Clareville-Outerard; you will pass it on your way to Ballynahinch, the latter, with the estate, having been surrendered by my father to his eldest son. It required some moral courage on my mother's part at the time to show this hospitality. As wife to the member for a Roman Catholic county it naturally offended the priests, then (as now) objecting to earnestness in any religion but their own. Neither did it meet the views of the Protestant gentry, who disapproved of any who were not regularly ordained episcopal clergy. My father was absent in London attending parliament, but he was duly informed.

"The poor old tenantry," adds Miss Martin, "are, I suppose, long ago swept off the lands by death or emigration."

There may be some surviving to whom this narrative has a warmer interest than can be felt by the general reader. It may reach some of the descendants or tenants of the family across the Atlantic, and may be read by some who knew the old place in the old times. There may be encouragement, also, to all who are engaged in evangelistic work in the far west of Ireland, to learn how the good seed in this case was found after many days, and how the gospel brought light into the family in the night of adversity, and shed a bright sunset ray on the last scene of Richard Martin of Galway.

Varieties.

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.—

"Soldier and statesman, whom the guiding star
Of duty led serene from height to height,
For ever pure and steadfast for the right,
Thro' calms of peace, and thunder-clouds of war.
Still thy majestic name breathes hope afar
For us who toil beneath the noonday sun,
But may not weary ere our work be done,
From the bright home where God's own chosen are.
Brave heart, who, when the Moslem's dread surprise
Leapt tiger-like upon us, dared be free
From human fears and passions, and arise
A tower of light upon a stormy sea.
A requiem, born of rescued Lucknow's sighs,
Floats o'er thy far-off grave eternally!"—*C. A. Kelly.*

FRENCH INSTITUTE.—Dr. W. Carpenter, registrar of the University of London, has been elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France. Above thirty English names now appear in the lists of members. Of these there are two classes, the academicians and the correspondents. In the former class there are four Englishmen—Professor Airy, Professor Donaldson, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Professor Owen. The correspondents are as follows:—Inscriptions and Belles Lettres—T. Wright, Sir H. Rawlinson, W. B. Hodgson, the Hon. A. H.

Layard, Dr. S. Birch, and E. W. Lane. Sciences—Professor Sylvester, Sir W. Fairbairn, J. R. Hind, Professor Adams, A. Cayley, Captain Richards, Dr. Livingstone, Sir C. Wheatstone, Dr. A. W. Hoffman, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Miller, Dr. Hooker, Dr. W. Carpenter. Fine arts, including music—J. R. Herbert, R.A., J. Pye, A.R.A., Sir J. Benedict, C. T. Newton. Morales et Politiques—Edwin Chadwick, H. Reeve, Dr. W. Farr, Dean Stanley. Dr. Max Müller, of Oxford, also appears on the list of academicians, if we may claim him now as a naturalised Englishman.

RICHARD II'S PORTRAIT.—"On paying a recent visit to Westminster Abbey," writes an art-critic to the "Echo," "we were glad to see the contemporary portrait of King Richard II hanging in the chancel. This very interesting relic of the craft of the mediæval limner used formerly to be in the famous Jerusalem Chamber, and, when the late Mr. Charles Kean revived Shakespeare's 'Richard II,' the countenance and costume of the ill-fated sovereign were presented on the stage copied accurately enough from this picture. Some years since Mr. George Scharf, the accomplished antiquarian draughtsman, made the remarkable discovery that this picture was, as it were, a pictorial palimpsest, the original subject having been repainted several times over at various periods. Curiously enough, the later work was coarser and in every way inferior to the original painting, which has now been revealed by the skilful removal of the superimposed coatings. This genuine and almost unique specimen of fourteenth-century portraiture is wonderfully fine and delicate; it has been carefully cleaned and restored, and appropriately framed, and, backed by a noble piece of quiet-toned old tapestry, now hangs on the south side of the Abbey Sacristy, not many yards from the tomb where the ill-fated Plantagenet monarch sleeps by the side of his queen. Concerning this tomb, by the way, and the various associations which connect the memory of Richard II with Westminster, Dean Stanley has lately read an interesting paper before the Society of Antiquaries."

FALSE HAIR.—M. Lindemann continues his investigation of the parasitic bodies (Gregarinide) found on the false tresses and chignons commonly worn by ladies. They are to be found at the extremity of the hairs, and form there little nodosities, visible, on careful examination, to the naked eye. Each of these nodosities represents a colony of about fifty psorosperms. Each psorosperm is spherical; but, by the reciprocal pressure of its neighbours, it is flattened, and becomes discoid. Under the influence of heat and moisture it swells; its granular contents are transformed into little spheres, and then into pseudo-navicellæ—little fusiform corpuscles, with a persistent external membrane, and enclosing one or two nuclei. These pseudo-navicellæ become free, float in the air, penetrate into the interior of the human organism, reach the circulatory apparatus, and produce, according to this author, various maladies—"cardiac affections, especially valvular affections, Bright's disease, pulmonary affections." M. Lindemann calculates that, in a ball-room containing fifty ladies, forty-five millions of navicellæ are set free; and he concludes that it is necessary to abolish false hair, which often proceeds from unclean persons.—*British Medical Journal.*

VENDÔME COLUMN.—The masonry work is proceeding. There are more difficulties in the way of this part of the undertaking than most uninitiated outsiders imagine. It is imagined that the foundation and pedestal base can be built like an ordinary wall. This is impossible. From motives of economy it is intended to utilise the stonework of the old column—at least all those portions of it which have not been excessively attenuated or deformed by the demolition. Two-thirds of the materials can be so used; the remaining portion of the work will have to be executed as at the first erection of the column. But even among the two-thirds judged serviceable there are only two steps absolutely intact. The others require to be repaired, and will be replaced or rejointed by means of cement in the Place Vendôme itself. But this reparation is not the most difficult operation. The interior of the column is formed by huge square blocks of stone pierced at intervals with large holes, into which are soldered cramp-irons that hook the outer bronze plates by a species of horseshoe eyelet attached to the inmost surface of the plates in the foundry. The problem to be solved now is one that requires the nicest precision. . . . The completed column will be surmounted not by the little bare-legged Caesar placed there in 1864-65, but the old statue, relegated to Courbevoie, of the Emperor in grey redingote and jack boots, with the arms crossed in the legendary attitude. The statue is considerably injured, but not irreparably. The new column is not likely to be inaugurated before the end of the year.—*Builder.*

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